

PS

3531

A5656

1910

SONGS FROM HAWAII

by

ANNA M. PARIS

*“To the sun that never blisters,
To the rain that never chills.”*

PRIVATELY PRINTED
NEW YORK, NINETEEN-TEN

Copyright, 1910

by

ANNA M. PARIS

J. F. TAPLEY CO.

NEW YORK

©CL A 271564

692

TO
HAWAII PONOI

ALOHA NUI

To S——

A LOHA NUI—in that sweet tongue
Where hidden lies the song unsung,
The speech melodious of a race
Whose simple greeting finds a place
Within the heart—I send to-day
This message, only this alway,
Aloha nui—Aloha nui.

Aloha nui: as time speeds on
Little it recks of what is gone;
Only the heart may prize and hold
The dear, the well-beloved of old.
You, in the English tongue would miss
The old-time tenderness of this
Aloha nui—Aloha nui.

Aloha nui: ah it recalls,
As on the spirit ear it falls,
Those days, when heart and soul aglow,
Its sweetness first we learned to know;
Though careless lips repeat the strain,
Though much is loss we counted gain,
In those glad hours for aye remains,
Despite all changes, losses, pains,
Aloha nui—Aloha nui.



HAWAII

WHERE the sunshine only gladdens, where the
rain falls but to bless,
Where the breezes, ocean laden, greet you with a
fond caress,
Where the tides in moonlit splendor murmur as
they ebb and flow,
Welcome, welcome, to the stranger from the land
of ice and snow;
Where the sunset trails its splendor o'er the waters
of the West,
Where the sunrise, rosy tinted, glints the moun-
tain's snowy crest,
Where the summer is immortal—there, beneath an
azure sky,
Circled by a sea of beauty, floats that land of love—
Hawaii.

TO THE KAMAAINA

O KAMAAINAS, turn with me
Aside from what is yet to be;
On memory's hearth the ashes stir
And let us muse on days that were.

There was no hurrying to and fro
In those old days—the pace was slow;
And yet it was a wholesome gait
And suited well our tropic state.

If we of luxuries little knew,
Our cares were less, our wants were few;
“The Simple Life” of which we read
Was practiced then—it was our creed.

When favoring breezes blew we sailed
For island ports, but if we failed
To go one day, we went the next,
And no one thought of being vexed.

’Tis true those voyages were made
With much discomfort: oft we prayed
The Captain to his course reclaim
And take us back from whence we came.

But Hilo gained—in that fair spot
Our sighs and groans were soon forgot,
While Pele in her royal way
Gave us a welcome warm each day.

Through open doors the breezes blew
By day and night; no fear we knew
Of burglars then—those birds of prey
Had not arrived in Hawaii Nei.

Though mails infrequent came to cheer
Expectant hearts, they proved when here
Thrice welcome; though the news was late,
'Twas new to us and up to date.

Dame Fashion with her frown or smile
A stranger was in this fair isle;
Nor sought we then the world to please—
'Twas far away; we were at ease,

And wore when morning calls were due
The once familiar holoku;
For shopping, too, this simple gown
Was worn throughout the busy town.

A code unwritten then had we
Of friendly hospitality;
The stranger came and felt and saw
The charm of that unwritten law.

O kamaainas, one and all,—
Those moonlight rides do you recall,
Those flights by the wave-beaten shore,
O'er field and plain to fair Manoa?

The moonlight filtering gently down
Still silvers old Leahi's crown,
As in those stilly nights once made
To voice the friendly serenade.

All else is changed—faded the plain;
We list' the horse's tread in vain,
While through the vale the auto's horn
Tells of a century reborn.

In short another age has come;
We question if we're quite "at home"
While Dame Convention leads the way
And tells us what to do and say.

For luxuries we can't complain;
The swiftest boats sail o'er the main;
The cable plies its utmost art
To make us of the world a part.

Electric wires turn night to day
And speed the cars upon their way,
While autos flying everywhere
Bid the pedestrian "Beware."

Despite these blessings, unawares
We miss the simple joys and cares
Of other days,—O Time, we pray,
Bring back to us our yesterday.

It comes not back—that old time charm,
But yet it lives in heart-beats warm;
In kindness and all good will
The Long Ago is with us still.

TWILIGHT AT WAIKIKI

THE sunset tints athwart the sky
Have changed to gray. O'er Waianae
The shadows deepen; on the sea
Has fallen twilight's mystery.

In measured tones subdued and slow
Old ocean chants her ebb and flow—
Or, silvered by the evening star,
Breaks with a sob across the bar.

HILO

HILO, thy name beloved recalls
A babbling brook that joyously
Fills up with song the garden space,
And distant murmur of the sea.

The green of mango, breadfruit, palm—
The tall bamboo beside the door
That to the wind in sweet content
Whispers its secret o'er and o'er.

The "Pride of India," gaunt and tall,
Tossing its branches far outspread,
Purples with pendant blossoms fair
The well-worn path we used to tread.

I see the rock-bound coast that binds
The dancing waters of the bay;
I see the splendor of the blue,
The glory of the dashing spray.

Forgetful of its mountain birth,
Wailuku rushes wild and free,
And foaming past its ferny banks
Is lost in the eternal sea.

Old Mauna Kea, serene and calm
In rosy dawn or sunset light,
Gives radiant greeting to the day
And benediction to the night.

But more than all, thy name recalls
The dear ones who were part of thee;
Great souls, adown the aisles of Time
They walk with us in memory.

And still we know the charm of dale,
Of mountain peak, of sunset red
Is linked in ways we cannot tell
With the beloved, the living dead.



THE DUNES AT LAIE

O DUNES that guard the lonely shore—
Sole sentries of the sea,
Attuned in spirit to the lore
Of mystic harmony—

Ye list and hear the matchless choir
Whose songs unceasing roll,
Whose rhythmic notes the tides inspire,
The heavenly orbs control.

So near to nature's heart ye lie,
So tuneful to her will,
Nor changeful sea, nor threatening sky
Can bring you aught of ill.

O vine-clad dunes, O lonely shore,
Give to me of your balm;
On my worn spirit breathe the lore
Of your unresting calm.

THE COCOA PALM

O COCOA PALM, I pray thee, tell
Why is it that I love so well
That shaft of thine, that feathery crown
On which the neighboring stars look down
With greetings bright? Stately that stem
Bearing aloft its diadem,
Springing exultant from the earth
Unmindful of its lowly birth!
Though other trees may spread their shade
In sylvan pride, on hill and glade,
Yet more, O palm beside the sea,
Love I thy lofty symmetry.
I greet thee, palm; thou art to me
The symbol of a soul set free
From servile custom—one who moves
Unfettered by earth's narrow grooves.
I greet thee—love thee as a smile
Of God on some far distant isle!

O cocoa palm, a dower is thine
Of breezes fresh, of ocean wine,
Of rock-bound coast, of tides that swell
Through caverns deep, where mermaids dwell.
'Tis thine to list the Interludes
That fill the spacious Solitudes

Of Nature's temple. There the sea
Pours out its heart, O palm, to thee;
Tells of its longing and its pain,
Its mighty love, in proud refrain;
Or, in some rapturous undertone,
Its joy, makes known to thee alone.

To thee, O palm, akin am I!
The ocean breeze—the cloud—the sky—
The rock—the starry space afar—
The lonely shore—my kindred are.
By these companioned would I stay
To greet with joy the coming day.
Near thee, O silent comrade, friend,
God grant for me life's dream shall end—
Where ocean's fond familiar note
May o'er my quickened senses float,
And zephyrs, blending with the sea,
Shall be both choir and liturgy.
In benediction may that psalm
That echoes through th' eternal calm,
That tidal song, open for me
The portals of Eternity.

TO MOTHER CASTLE

IN MEMORIAM

SOFT falls the light on hill and vale;
On rocky slopes the shadows play—
Precursors of the radiant hour
That comes to bless the close of day.

Serenely watching overhead,
White clouds illumine Heaven's dome,
As if, like bright-robed messengers,
They fain would guide some spirit home.

Fit hour for the tired soul's release,
While nature broods; while on the air
Uniting earth and Heaven there rests
The halo of an evening prayer.

Fit hour for the loved soul to leave
The earthly way she long had trod,
Helping the weary and the weak,
To find her Home—her Rest—her God.

And as the orb whose course is run,
In loveliness fades into night—
So with the glory of life's eve
Enfolding her, she passed from sight,

But not alone—Love followed her,
The love of a great throng. No race
But some had touched her garment's hem,
Had seen God's image on her face.

No boundary lines her creed enclosed,
No thought was hers of place or name,
The need was great, she freely gave—
Would not the Master do the same?

When clouds hung dark o'er ways untried,
Hers was the vision clear; from far
She saw the coming of the Dawn,
She saw its bright prophetic star.

Death cannot claim her. Life now comes
To crown the years, to open wide
Heaven's portals. Lo, she enters in;
We see the human glorified.

THE FLEETS

AH, what tales could brave Leahi tell of fleets in
days of old,

When, lured on by hope's bright vision, to our
shores came warriors bold.

Without compass, chart or pennant came these
warriors from afar;

O'er them nightly hung Orion, for them burned
the Polar star.

In their brave canoes defying southern gale and
tropic swell,

Came these men to found a nation, came they with
the gods to dwell.

Now, Leahi, gazing seaward, sees advance with
grace sublime,

An armada with its trophies won from every port
and clime.

Sees advance an armèd legion, as it proudly parts
the blue;

Sees the symbol of a nation of the men who dare
and do.

Not as foeman, not for conquest comes this arma-
ment to-day;

Not to prove a victor's prowess sails it proudly
down our bay.

But it comes that we in triumph now may plight
our troth anew;

Ay, it comes to reunite us with the red, the white,
the blue.

From the Horn where roll the combers, where the
blue blends with the gray,

Come these messengers to bind us:—East and West
are one to-day.

Bid them enter, give them welcome, banners to the
sky unfurled;

Send alohas that shall echo clear and true around
the world.

Yet, despite the fadeless glory of that flag we cheer
to-day,

Lacks one gem that constellation—'tis the star
"Hawaii Nei."

OUR FLAG*

THE deed is done, the flag is lowered—
The symbol of Hawaii.
Now proudly float the "Stars and Stripes"
Beneath our tropic sky!

What though with lordlier pride they spread
Where our loved emblem waved—
That symbol of our island home
Is on our hearts engraved!

We've seen it float with pride above
Hawaii's loved aliis;
Its triumphs were of love—it flung
Alohas on the breeze!

Upon the threshold of to-day
We pause, with fond regret.
The flag above—we honor it—
Yet,—we cannot forget.

The flag above—it never waved
Beneath a fairer dome;
God grant it may protect and bless
Our loved, our island home!

* Referring to June 14th, 1900, when the national flag of Hawaii gave place to the "Stars and Stripes."

TO THE PRINCESS KAIULANI

NOW gentle breezes toss the spray
At Waikiki—
And beauty casts her witching spell
O'er land and sea.

But she, whose presence filled this spot
With joy and light,
She whom we loved—our own Alii—
Has passed from sight!

Sweet Princess! early called to tread
The starry path,
Around thy mystic name glows bright
Love's aftermath.

Fair as the evening star that tells
The close of day—
So, wert thou called in loveliness
From earth away.

But loyal hearts shall follow thee
The tomb above—
And Memory fond weave aye for thee
A Crown of Love!

Love's Crown! It shall thy glory be
While stars on high
Their vigils keep, or sea-waves chant
Their lullaby.

EASTER 1909

L O! Easter brings the awaiting Earth
The message glad of its re-birth—
Yet every joyous bud and flower
Has waited patiently its hour
When, in the fullness of the Spring
Perfected by long suffering,
It should rejoice; has learned to know
That Wind and Storm and Winter snow
Must surely end in Summer Sun—
That seeming Death is Life begun!

O Soul! there is for thee no gain
Till thou hast trod the path of pain—
For on that path alone the light
Shall dawn, shall break, in some dark night;
And thou, my soul, alone must be,
And in thine own Gethsemane
Drink of the cup. Life in it lies;
Fear not to drain it. Soul, arise!
Look up—beyond—behold the way
All luminous! 'Tis Easter-day!

'Tis Easter-day! Loud praises ring
For Him who once, the uncrowned king—
The lowly one of Galilee—
Proclaimed on earth Love's ministry;

Who by His life, through word and deed,
Bequeathed to man the perfect creed!
Ye sorrowing ones, whose eyes are dim
With unshed tears, weep not for Him!
Nor look for Him where He has died—
Behold, the Master, glorified!

Now Faith which this frail life transcends
And to the mortal glory lends,
Glad Easter brings! While that sweet song
That through the ages rolls along
And gathers sweetness by the way
From choirs unseen, is heard to-day;
Its grand crescendo fills the air—
And e'en Desire becomes a prayer!

O Master, now with us abide
And make each day an Easter-tide!

GLOSSARY

Leahi—Hawaiian name for the promontory of
Diamond Head.

Pele—Goddess of Fire.

Kamaaina—One born in Hawaii—an old-timer.

Alii—A chief, king, or queen.

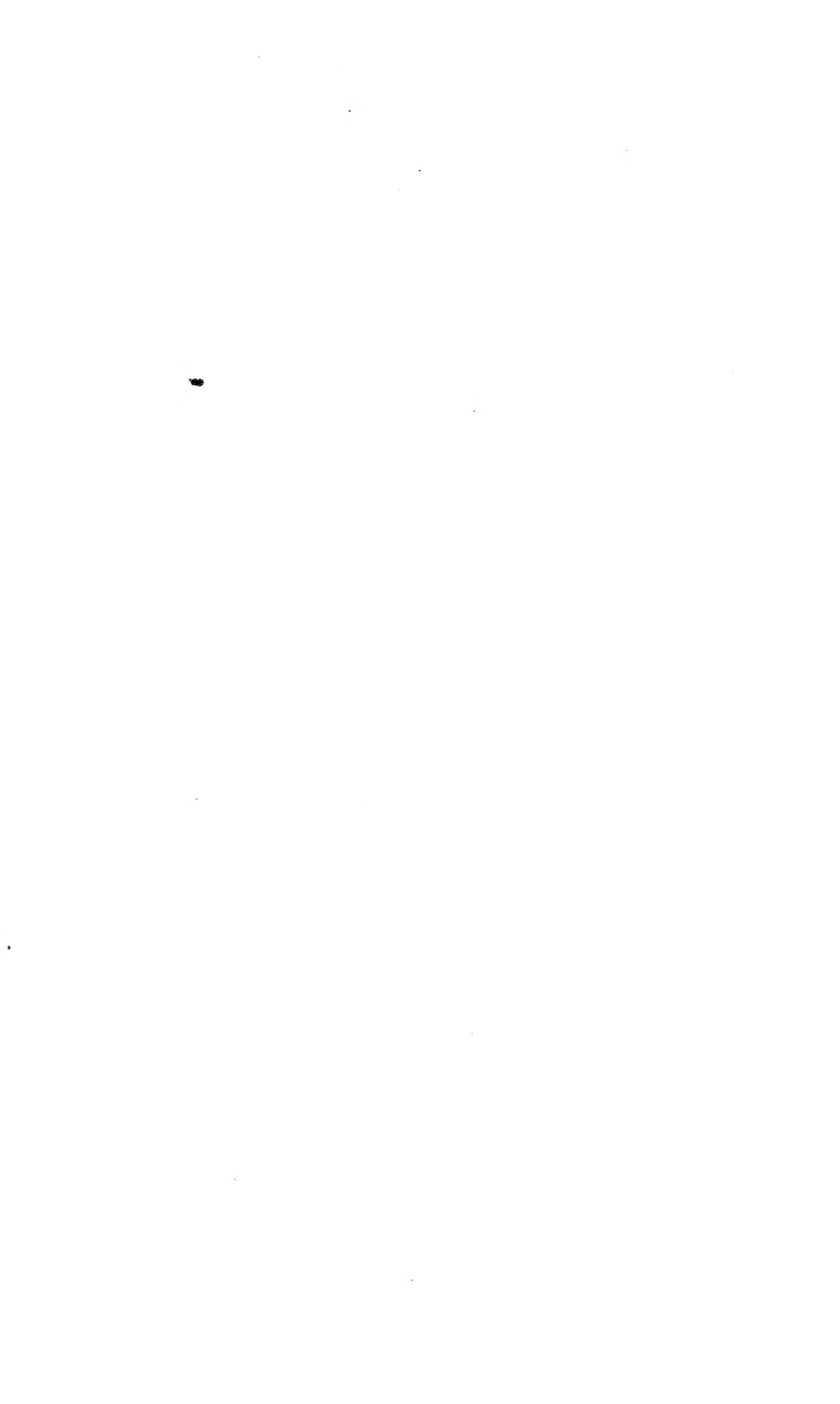
Mauna Kea—A snow-capped mountain.

Waianae—A mountain range near Honolulu.

Wailuku—A river in Hilo.

Laie—A small settlement in Oahu.









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 407 232 4